

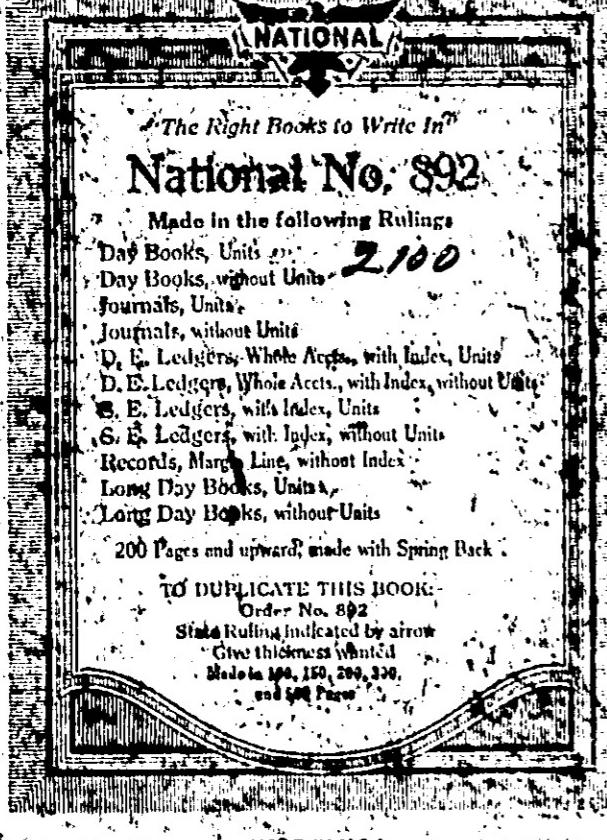
# MISC. BOOKS

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# VOLUME

# Two

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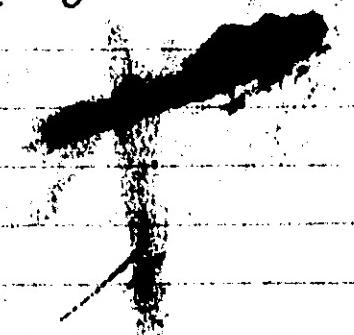
bursting at all and refuse  
to pray and forgot our Lord  
and entirely. But I surely never done  
that did I ever do you out?

No I did not say that you  
ever did. But anyway when  
any person acts that way and  
our Blessed Lord in Heaven never  
hears his voice raised in  
prayer why then he is liable  
to forget that person too and lets  
him go and do what ever he  
will and when he cries out  
with unhappiness and says,  
There is no one to aid me.  
Then no one need to have  
 pity on him for we could  
only do him if was you who  
abandoned your faith in our  
Blessed Lord who could and  
would have helped you. Do  
you want that to be said of  
you, Janie or do you want  
to go to our Blessed Lord  
and tell him you are sorry  
you intended to turn away  
from Him? Will you tell  
Him that you will con-  
tinue to pray every day  
and trust Him to do what  
is best for you so that you  
can live a happy little  
girl again?

Janie listened very  
carefully what he said.

Each word of her boy's out friend had gone straight to her little heart because she had such perfect trust in disguised Christian boys scouts.

"I will kneel down this minute and ask our blessed Lord to forgive me for my doubting him and come what may I will never feel that way again." I amnie said truly sorry.



"That's right little girl. And if you retain your faith in God I'd will be sure to always help you Lord if he does delay do not be dis cour aged for he always helps when the proper time comes" the Boy scout said.

I amnie fell down on her knees and prayed earnestly to the dear God asking him not to forget to send her freedom

and to look down on her again in pity

The next day her boy scout friend had to leave because he found he

he was too closely watched for his liking it was a day of sorrow to both I amnie and Minnie But up to the very moment when he rode off swiftly on his horse the boy scout succeeded in doing things so that the two girls scarcely felt the sadness of the day but looked upon it rather as a time of rejoicing. But when he had finally gone then the whole place seemed as empty as if the very world had come to an end During the evening after working hours I amnie and Minnie sat around in the hut all the rest of the evening until bed time as if lost and had no idea what was going to happen to them next.

The following day when the hours of hard working toil was over and it was the usual time for the slaves to get together in their huts I amnie after the overseers were gone came to Minnie with her little Bible under her arm and said addressing the slaves in her room

After this when the overseers  
are not around I'm always going  
to read aloud to you. That  
is if you would like to have  
me do it.

The slaves were willing  
saying that they were very  
pleased to have her do so,  
and so Jannie began to  
read at once. But suddenly  
she stopped because she  
had scarcely begun to read  
a story where our Blessed  
Lord was dying on the cruel  
cross when she suddenly  
screamed -

"Oh now God is dead".  
She broke down and cried  
for she thought everything  
she read about was actually  
taking place and so she firmly  
believed that our Bless-  
ed Lord had died that very  
minute. Her cries grew  
louder and louder.

"Now our Blessed Lord  
is dead and I can never  
go to see him, and I had  
lost faith in him be-  
cause I'd did not answer  
my prayers".

Jannie and some of  
the others tried as hard  
as they could to show  
Jannie that our Blessed  
Lord had died in his

boby many hundreds of  
years ago and had risen from the  
dead and that the story was  
not telling about /dim dying  
now, but of nineteen hun-  
dred years ago. But even  
after they had finally suc-  
ceeded in explaining to the  
excited child her mistake  
Jannie even then could  
not be quieted and kept  
weeping harder than ever  
before.

For the awful thought had  
suddenly come to her that  
our Blessed Lord might  
die any way while she  
was so far away from his  
home and perhaps all the  
creatures in heaven would  
die too. And then after a  
long time when she should  
go to heaven too the place  
would be as still as death,  
and she would be there  
all alone and could never  
see our Blessed Lord or  
his dear ones.

In the meantime Mr  
Clare had come unnot-  
iced into the hut and was  
surprised to hear the other  
child slaves trying to ex-  
plain to Jannie her mis-  
take. When he observed  
that the slave still would

not stop her wild sobbing  
he went up to the two child  
slaves with errident impat-  
ience and said rather  
crossly

"Francis Sillian that is  
enough of your silly  
screaming about such  
nonsense and you foolish  
sprite let me warn you  
of something if ever again  
I catch you reading stories  
out of that old Bible threat-  
to these other slaves, I'll  
not only really take it  
and destroy it but have  
you sent to work in  
one of the mines. And if  
ever you put in one  
of those mines you'll  
never see day light again  
I'll assure you."

This threat worked more  
than anything else, and  
as she knew about the real  
horror of these mines  
she grew pale with great  
fear. So she immediately  
dried her tears and  
chocked her sobs in a  
hurry and held them  
down as hard as she  
could and forbear to  
utter another peep in  
the deep sleep heap.

The threat at that time

over-peer made had its sure  
effect, and poor Jannie never  
was never seen to weep again  
no matter what she read or  
how she felt. And sometimes  
she had to try so hard to  
overcome her desire to cry  
and to conquer her sobs and  
not cry out that would  
minnie would say to her  
in the greatest surprise

"Why what's the matter  
Jannie, why are you mak-  
ing such awful faces at  
us for?"

But Jannie did not wor-  
ry about the faces she  
made for facts did not  
make any noise and  
therefore did not disturb  
Mr Gringo. And after  
Jannie had somehow  
slightly overcome her  
dreadful fit of grief  
it seemed as if every-  
thing would go on as  
before and her wild  
grief would soon be for-  
gotten.

With it all however  
Jannie so lost her app-  
etite and looked so thin  
and pale that her fellow  
slaves could hardly bear  
to look at her in silence  
at the meal table and

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see how poor I amnie let all  
her dishes go by untouched so  
when one of the slaves who was  
waiting on the table passed her  
a dish he would often whisper  
encouraging to her  
"Take some of this I amnie, it  
is excellent. Oh why such  
a small helping. Please  
do me a favor and take  
a good portion of it and  
then another one".

Much similar friendly  
advise he gave her But  
it did not do a bit of good  
whatever she did not ha-  
rdly eat anything any  
more and when at night  
she lay on her dirty bed  
of straw like a flash  
everything she remem-  
bered of her old home  
and the alarming words  
she read out of the little  
bible came to her eyes.

She would then lie so  
heartbroken and home-  
sick that she hid her  
(arm) head in her little  
arms and wept but  
quite softly so that no  
one would hear her  
too much.

In this way quite a few  
days had passed by I amnie  
herself never had any

idea what time of day or night  
it was and what it was meant  
by the words winter or summer,  
though she knew what hot and  
cold weather was. She was out  
doors only during working hours  
and was made to work hard  
whether she was feeling well  
or not or whether she was  
strong enough to endure it very  
long.

And she seldom got beyond  
the yellow brick road and  
the huts of the plantation  
but usually remained within  
the plantation never saw  
the beauties of nature saw  
no grasses and flowers  
no fir trees, no high snow  
capped mountains.

I amnies longing for home  
for the lovely natural ob-  
jects she had been used  
to grew greater every day.

If some chance word  
brought up the memory  
of one of these things  
it was all I amnie could  
do to bear the pain of  
sorrow which came to  
her and she had to  
struggle with all her  
might not to show her  
unhappiness and she  
still believed that God  
was still dead as she

Strange incidents on St  
Claires plantation.

fancied the book told her. So another day passed by, and once again the sun was shining so glaringly on the yellow bricks of the Big Girl K'nool Roads across from the plantation that Jannie guessed it was the time when her parents would still be looking for her and that the flowers in their garden may be growing.

Poor Jannie. She would sit down in a far corner of her lonely hut and hold both hands to her eyes so she could not see the sunshine on the road across from her. And thus she would sit without moving silently fighting down her burning sorrow and homesickness until she was called to work again.

For some days Mr Gringore had been wandering around the whole plantation and even within the house itself for most of the time silently rapt in serious thought. Whenever along about early morning, broad daylight, twilight and darkness of early light) might he would mostly remain inside and slowly walk from one room to another and was as cautious as a frightened cat as he strode quickly down the long hall. He would often look about him with owl-like shrewdly restless into dark corners or steal a quick glance behind him now and then as if he was afraid some dangerous creature might be following him closely on tip-toe and to strike him down from behind with a club.

But when he was alone he went only into the more lighted rooms and even then carried two automatic pistols with him.

Now often at early morning or in the evening

Mr Gringoore had unusual  
things to attend to on the upper  
floor or the basement. On  
one would have an im-  
portant errand or  
mission perhaps across  
the plantation or per-  
haps down stairs in the  
great mysterious recep-  
tion hall in which  
every footstep echoed  
back from afar, and  
the many big pictures  
on the wall looked  
down from their frames  
with a stern and  
unchanging gaze as  
if something strange  
and mysterious was  
going on in the old  
house.

At such a time Mr Grin-  
gore would regularly ring  
for his assistant James  
and tell him that he  
must come along tell  
ing him that two  
armed men is better  
than one or pretend-  
ing there might be  
some bit of furniture  
to be carried up or  
down.

Strange as it may  
seem James was  
observed to do the

very same thing. Usually he  
had important work to do down-  
stairs or up and at that time  
he would call for Mr Grin-  
gore and asked him to go  
with him for he might  
have some papers to look  
over which he did not think  
he was able to work on  
alone.

And what was still more  
funny the other overseers  
themselves exactly went  
through the same kind of  
performances. If either of  
them was sent across the  
plantation at dusk or to  
one of the more distant  
rooms or through the  
long silent halls he  
fetched two of his com-  
panions and made  
them go along well armed  
for fear he alone would  
not be able to cope with  
the unseen dangers.

And each one of  
them was glad to obey  
the call of the other although  
there never was really  
anything like work to  
be done and each might  
just as well have gone  
alone yet it always  
looked as if the scared  
over the see it always

felt sure that he might soon have the need of the other for a similar service. And while these strange doings were going on throughout the plantation and in the building down in the kitchen the chef and his cooks who had been with Mr St Claire for years would stand in the middle of the kitchen talking mysteriously to each other and the chef would shake his head and sigh.

"That I should be here to see this day." For quite a while there had been something exceedingly strange going on in Mr St Claire's house and on his plantation. Each morning when the overseers came tramping downstairs they found the doors open wide and yet when they went outside and looked up and down the road far and near there was no person in sight or who could be blamed for it all.

The first day that this happened all the rooms and closets of the house were eagerly searched to discover if anything

might have been stolen or it was feared a ~~abre~~ American spy might have hidden himself inside the house and escaped with what he was after later in the night. But this evidently was not the case for not a single thing in the whole place was missing.

At night the door was now not only double locked but the strong iron bar was also placed across it. It made no difference whatever. On the morning every one of the doors would stand wide open, no matter how early in the morning the overseers in their excitement might come trooping down there they would find the doors ajar.

And yet the whole neighborhood was still sunk in deep sleep and there was no one in sight.

At last James and John got up their courage and prepared to spend the night below in one of the rooms that opened off the great hall here to cut whatever was to really happen. Mr Grimes hunted out

two good sized repeating rifles and also a large bottle of brandy mixed with wine so that they might feel strong enough to put up a brave fight with the Abbieannian spy or who ever he was if it should be necessary to do so.

As soon as things were arranged the two overseers took their places on the evening selected for the watch and at once began to drink a certain amount of brandy for the sake of their strength but it happened to be that they drank enough to make them feel the effect of it.

They therefore became quite talkative and then quite sleepy and thereupon they both leaned or leaned back in their chairs and dozed.

When the old hall clock on its opposite wall struck midnight James gathered himself together and called out to his comrade.

But John was almost sound asleep and therefore James found

it quite difficult to awaken him. Every time James called to him he would turn his head from one side of the chair to the other and pass off to sleep again. James soon however began to listen eagerly for he was by this time as wide awake as he could be.

All about him it was as still as death there was not the slightest sound to be heard even from the outside. Yet the reader may believe that James did not go to sleep again because there was a queer feeling in the deep silence about him, and it was in one low cautious tones that he kept calling to John and he shook him a little from time to time.

Finally when it struck one o'clock in the hall John suddenly woke up and came to realize clearly why he was sitting up in a chair and not lying softly in bed. Suddenly he started up quite bravely and cried out -

"Well James we must have a look out in the main hall way and see how things are. Do not be afraid just follow me."

After entering the room they had left the door to the hall slightly ajar. John feeling quite brave threw it wide open and left the room. At the same moment a strong gust of air from the open entrance door blew in and put out the candle that John was holding in his hand.

The overseer suddenly started back and almost overthrew James who was standing right behind him. Then he dragged his companion back into the room they had just left, suddenly slammed the door shut and in the greatest chagrin haste turned the key in the lock as far as it would go.

Then he got out his matches and lighted his candle again.

James of course could not understand just why he acted nor neither did he know what had happened because at the moment he had

been standing behind Johns broad back and had not felt the draught of air so plainly. But as soon as he observed Johns face in the candle light he uttered a frightened cry. Johns face was as white as chalk, and he was trembling in every limb like a leaf.

"What's wrong? Tell me, what that was outside?" James asked anxiously.

"The door was standing wide open." John panted.

"And - and on the steps - I saw - a number of small white figures - took James - right up the steps like that to the top - there they stopped - and - swoosh and vanished into thin air."

Cold shivers ran down the full length of James' back. Then the two overseers sat down as close to each other as they could and they did not move a muscle until bright daylight had come and soldiers were again stirring about in the Glendaleian camp beyond. Then they

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left the room together closed the front door which was still standing wide open and went up stairs to report to Mr Gringore what had happened. Early as it was in the morning they found this overseer all ready to receive them because he too had not slept at all during the night for thinking of what might be going on downstairs. In moment he learned the facts he immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Mr St Claire one such as he had never received before and probably never would again. It was written as follows.

To Mr St Claire  
Glandelinian camp.  
Company D 194 Infantry.  
Manleys army.

Dear Sir.

Strange things are happening here things which will surprise you greatly. And to tell the truth I am so excited and so scared I can hardly move my fingers. I beg you to pack your belongings without a moments delay and please come straight

home for the most unheard of things occur here. We find the entrance door mysteriously open early in the morning, and though nothing is stolen strange white creatures roam through the building at night. We are all in peril of our lives with the door ajar the whole night through and what the awful results of this strange situation might be no one can tell. Please come right away or we'll go insane from fright.

By George Gringore  
Slave Child Plantation  
Left wing  
8 hours man  
command.

Now it happened that Mr St Claire answered by return mail all mail that it was impossible for him to close up his child slave business with Mr Appleby so suddenly and return to his plantation. The story about the ghost surprised him greatly but he felt sure it would soon be a thing of the past before his letter was received. Meanwhile if the small phantoms refused to lie laid Mr Gringore would do well to write

to general Federal and ask him if he would send soldiers to their assistance. General Federal would send soldiers that will get rid of the strange ghostly visit so fast that they would never again dare disturb the quiet of his home and plantation.

Mr Grungore did not at all like the tone of this letter. He took the matter of the strange manifestation too seriously to enjoy such rebuke and teasing. After thinking it over for several moments he wrote at once to general Federal but then the results were no better either for the soldiers reply contained some very plain words.

For example the general was too busy to make a special trip from Manleys lines to Mr St Claires plantation just because

Mr Grungore fancied the place was haunted what was more there had never been any evil spirits haunting St Claires place and if he

thought that there were such things wandering there now it could not possibly be anything more than some Christian spies and Mr Grungore should find out for himself and should settle with them at once. If this were impossible he might call upon a party of soldiers to help him.

But Mr Grungore had made a final decision and that was that he made up his mind to spend no more days of terror and he know how to change the situation.

Untill this moment he had said nothing to the other overseers about the phantom neither did he say anything about it to the child slaves for he suspected they would be so terribly scared that they would not remain alone in their huts or rooms a single minute day or night and that would cause him a great deal of extra trouble to control them.

Now however he went over to the plantation called the slaves together and all the overseers around him and in a low tone of voice he told them about the unknown creature who walked around

the house every night all  
the overseers cried out at once  
that they would quit if Mr.  
St. Clare did not come  
home that all the overseers  
must sleep together in  
one room with the light  
burning all night, that  
they would not remain  
alone another night  
that all the slaves must  
in one big tents that  
Mr. Gringo must move  
over into the room  
occupied by the special  
slaves that Jannie must  
not be left alone either  
or the spectres would  
get in and harm to  
her.

She wanted every one to  
stay in the same room and  
leave a strong light burn-  
ing all night And a large  
number of soldiers must  
remain on guard in  
every room. And James  
and John must come  
down too and spend  
the night so they could  
shoot and scream and  
scare away the strange  
little ghosts if they  
got to coming down  
the long flight of  
steps.

many of the slaves were  
scared and terribly excited It was  
all that Mr. Gringo could  
do to quiet them The over-  
seer promised to write to  
Mr. St. Clare at once to  
bring his own bed into  
the room where the other  
overseers were to sleep  
and to never leave the  
room again until the  
wicked ghosts had been  
settled with.

Still he said all of the overseers  
could not sleep in a single  
room that the child slaves  
must sleep in their own  
respective places and that  
if Jannie was afraid them  
the overseer Jack must  
sleep on a couch beside  
her.

But Jannie was more afraid  
of overseer Jack than she  
was of ghosts because she  
did not even believe in  
such creatures and she  
said therefore that whether  
they were true or not she  
was not afraid of any  
such thing as any ghosts  
and would much sooner  
stay in her place by her-  
self.

No sooner was this decided  
than Mr. Gringo ran to

his room sat down at his writing desk and immediately wrote a stirring letter to Mr St Claire a letter which ran as follows:

Mr Augustus St Claire  
Glandelinian camp.  
Company D 194 Infantry  
Manley's army.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to tell you that all these strange things which are going on every night are having such an effect on the overseers that they all are threatening to resign. The child slaves are so terrified that they are about to run away and no one can tell what awful results there will be. There times when I have known of cases where terrible disasters resulted from such manifestations.

And resulting from fright many of the slaves will go into terrible fits or go insane. And the whole plantation will be exposed to any sort of misfortune. If this kind of thing keeps on any longer And if their state of terror keeps up every kind of disaster will soon follow.

Please come at once as general Federal wont do nothing to relieve us of the situation.

The creatures usually appear at one o'clock when all is quite outside and whether there is moonlight or not.

Some of the soldiers say that the manifestations are really very strong

for they too have witnessed them but they say they have tried to investigate the matter and believe the Professional Child Slaves called the Virgin Girls have something to do with this. And as they are more dreaded than ghosts therefore beg you to come and find out for the sake of your cause before it is too late.

They might have come to run away with as many slaves as they can escape with. I have known of times where they did and terrible complications resulted from that.

Mr Griggs  
Slave Child Plantation.  
Left wing.

Shorn annia Army.  
M. S. D.

Indeed this second letter stirred things up. About 12 hours later Mr St Claire stood before the door of his house and knocked so hard on the door that the child slaves came running up from all directions and stared at each other open mouthed. For they were sure that the small spectres were now beginning to play their wicked jokes without waiting for night to come.

From the third story James carefully peered down through a open window. But then the door bell

started to run and from the way it rang it was evident that whoever he was he was no full of impatience that no one could doubt any longer that it was a living hand behind the powerful jerk.

After a moments thought James felt sure that he knew whose hand it was and ran with all his utmost haste out of the room, and then so fast was his flight down the steps that he almost fell but even if he did so he managed to land on his feet long enough to tear open the front door.

Mr St Clare nodded quickly to him as he entered but without a single word of greeting to him started up stairs for Grungore's room.

The chief overseer welcomed the owner of the place with a cry of joy and when he saw Mr Grungore looking unusually cheerful the brown frown of worry left

his brow and his face was cleared I'd heard from Grungore own lips about the strange manifestations and then he said:

"And how are the three ghosts behaving Mr Grungore" and the corners of his mouth twitched with evident amusement.

"Ah Mr St Clare" Mr Grungore replied very seriously "Surely it is nothing at all to laugh at and I doubt if you will laugh at to-morrow. And I'm not actually saying that I evidently saw any such things as ghosts But it is positive that something strange is going on in this house that if it is not any ghostly manifestations then the situation is brought about by some extraordinarily clever spies who are surely doing their work so thoroughly roughly that we cannot discover what it is. But if it continues in this house much longer there will be some awful things happening that I'd have

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even ourselves we'll have  
to keep it secret

"Well I do not know very  
much about that" Mr St  
Claire said "but please don't  
begin any nonsense about  
ghosts around my slaves  
unless you are sure about  
them. Call James into  
my room will you I  
want to say a few words  
with him in private".  
Mr St Claire went across  
the long hall and the  
over the see it all made  
seem what he calls his  
he's appearance. Mr St  
Claire knew that once or  
twice the Vivian Girls  
had appeared at his place  
in disguise and knew  
that they all Glandelin-  
ians were not on the  
best of terms. In fact  
he hated them himself  
and therefore was very  
suspicious.

Come here James" he said  
as he motioned to the servant  
to enter "and please see  
that you are quite frank  
with me I daresay I  
tried to investigate whether  
those rascally umbers the  
Vivian Girls have been  
playing the part of

small ghosts just to make things  
lively for all you overseers eh."

"Ho sir on my honor I did not  
have the nerve to do so Please  
believe me sir I have always  
been feeling nervous about the  
affair myself" James answered  
with absolute honesty.

"Well if that's the way you feel  
about it I'll have to show you  
and the other overseers how  
those Vivian Girls looks when  
they are my slaves for a while.  
I've never ill treated any of my  
slaves I have here now but if  
I lay my hands on those sky  
princesses I'll certainly make  
it swealtering hot for them.

Be ashamed of yourself James.  
A strong young man like you  
running away from children  
because you think they are  
ghosts. Now go straight to my  
old friend general Bicknell.  
Give him my best greetings  
and if he happens to be excused  
from military duty ask him  
to please come to the house  
at ten o'clock this evening  
without fail and bring a  
lot of soldiers with him  
to surround the house.

Tell him I've come from  
Mamley's head quarters es-  
pecially to consult him.  
Tell him I'm so badly off

that he must spend the  
night with me. I'd must try  
and arrange things so that  
he can, you understand  
James?"

"Of course sir rely upon it  
B12

James quickly departed Mr  
St Clare went back to  
the overseers and child  
slaves with the purpose  
to quiet their fears about  
the supposed ghosts he  
promised that he would  
-he matter up that very  
day Promptly at ten o  
clock after the child  
slaves had retired to  
their huts and the over-  
seers had gone to bed  
and even Mr Gringo  
had also retired for  
the night General Bick-  
nell arrived In spite  
of his black hair and  
heavy black beard  
he had quite a  
handsome looking  
face and two eyes  
with a peculiar  
twinkle in their depths  
At first he seemed  
to be quite turned  
and anxious

But the moment  
M. St. Clare greeted

him the general broke out  
onto a hearty laugh clapped  
the child slave owner on the  
shoulder and said:

"Well I must say Mr St  
Clare that for a person  
who fears a raid on his  
place by child robbers or  
spies you look fairly  
cheerful."

"You just wait your Excellency" Mr St Claire said.  
"The ones I have asked you to come for will be much less cheerful than I am when we have captured them."

"So you have the Christ  
I am spies in the house  
already trapped and some  
who have intended to  
run away with your  
slaves into the brigands?"

"Worse than that general  
indeed far worse we  
have a number of child  
ghosts in the house.  
The haunted

We are haunted by  
dead child slaves.  
The general shudders with  
upononish laughter.

"Ida, Ida, Ida, Ida, Ida, Ida, Ida,  
such ghosts in the house.  
Ida, Ida, wow."

You surely have a lot of sympathy for us indeed

general "Mr St Claire said  
and it is indeed a pity my friend  
overseer Grungore cannot be  
here to enjoy your exceed-  
ingly good mind, I'd is  
the main one who firmly  
believes that ghosts of dead  
child slaves are wonder-  
ing about because it is  
claimed it is a great sin  
to make slaves out of  
children".

"How did he become ac-  
quainted with these ghosts  
do you suppose?" the  
general asked still great-  
ly confused.

Mr St Clare then proceed-  
ed to tell the general about  
the whole affair how ac-  
cording to the testimony  
of all the servants in  
the house as well as  
the child slaves the  
front and other ground  
floors doors swinging wide  
open every night. I'd said  
further that just to be  
prepared for any un-  
usual thing that might  
happen he had had  
two loaded pistols of  
his own stuck in his  
own belt and also  
a repeating rifle put  
in the place where

he and the general were  
to watch of course Mr St Claire  
said he believed the whole  
business might be some  
poor joke which in secret  
some of the overseers might  
be playing on each other,  
or especially on Mr  
Grun Gore in order to fright-  
en him while the master  
was away.

In that case it might be  
an excellent idea to scare  
the would be ghosts out of  
the building by shooting  
off one of the revolvers.

On the other hand  
the Virginian girl scoundrels  
might be mixed up  
with the affair who have  
been first passing them-  
selves off as ghosts so  
that later they would be  
safe from any one in-  
terfering with their pur-  
pose. In that case as

the Virginian Girls are usu-  
ally dangerous when  
surprised a good weapon  
would not be out of  
place.

While Mr St Claire  
was thus explaining things  
to the general they slow-  
ly went downstairs to  
the same room in which

James and John had set to  
watch on the table lay two long  
rifles and in the center stood  
a brightly lighted lamp for  
Mr St Claire did not want to  
await the coming of the ghost  
children in half darkness  
at all.

Then when they were in  
they shut the door all but  
the merest crack because  
they did believe that too much  
must not spurn out into  
the hall or the child ghosts  
might be scared away. Then  
the slave owner and the  
general settled down com-  
fortably in their arm  
chairs and fell to talking  
about all sorts of military  
things and of the profit  
in the child slave trade  
now and then taking a  
sip of the wine which Mr  
Grimmire had brought for  
their refreshment.

And so the time passed  
very quickly and before  
they realized how time  
was passing the clock  
somewhere struck twelve.

"Maybe the ghostly children  
know we are watching  
for them and probably  
will not make their  
appearance to night after

all" the general suggested.  
"you just wait. They tell me  
they do not appear until  
quarter after one." Mr St Claire  
replied.

They went on with their talking  
One o'clock struck loud and  
clear There was a deep silence  
all around them the sounds  
of the camp had died away.  
Waiting a little longer general  
Bicknell looked at his watch.  
It was sixteen after one.  
Suddenly the general made  
a warning gesture -

"Sh-h-h. Mr St Claire don't  
you hear some strange  
kind of noise?"

They both listened intently.  
Softly and yet quite distinct-  
ly on the silence they heard  
the sound of the bar as it  
was pushed back They  
heard the key turn twice  
in the lock. The front door  
was being opened. Mr St  
Claire quickly reached  
out for one of the long  
rifles.

"You surely are not afraid  
of it?" asked the general  
rising.

"No but you cannot  
be too careful" Mr St  
Claire whispered.  
He seized the lamp in

February 4, 1927.

Seven o'clock till nine thirty,

his left hand and a revolver  
in his right. Then he followed  
the Glandelinian general out  
of the room into the hall.  
He was the sound of many  
retreating footsteps some  
inside the build building  
and outside. At the same  
moment the pale rays  
of the moon streamed  
in through the widely  
opened door and lighted  
up a small white figure  
that was standing very  
still and quiet on the  
threshold.

"Who is that there?" yell-  
ed the general so loudly  
that the sound ran down  
the long hall.

Both of the men quickly  
rushed toward the (city)  
white figure with light  
and weapons warning.  
It turned around and  
started to run out but  
the two men caught  
hold of it and as they  
did so it uttered a  
sharp cry "I'm Jannie".

There stood Jannie  
with bare feet in her  
white night dress blink-  
ing at the bright lamp  
light and at the fire.  
arms shaking and

trembling from top to toe like  
a small leaf in the wind.

The men looked at her in  
great anger and the greatest  
astonishment.

"I honestly believe Mr St  
Claire its the little girl  
whom the Virgin Girls have  
been plotting to carry away  
with them." the general  
said.

"Little slay what in the  
whole world does this mean?"  
Mr St Claire asked after  
a moment's pause "What  
were you going to do? Why  
did you come down here?"

The child was pale with  
fright and stood before him  
and arms were weakly

"I do not know".  
Then the general took a  
hand in what was going  
on.

"Mr St Claire" he said, this  
is a case for the military  
to deal with. Go back into  
the other room, and sit  
down for a while in the  
easy chair. First of all

I'll take the little slave  
back where she belongs  
and question her".

With these words he  
returned his revolver  
to its proper place took

the shivering child's hand in his and went off upstairs with her, as if I was being carried and then woke up and found myself "If you answer my questions correctly you will not need to be afraid of anything" he said in his usual dignified tone. as they climbed slowly up the steps "but we must be good and quiet so as not to wake the overseers in the house. And if you tell me everything nothing bad will happen. If you don't Mr St Claire will do something terrible".

When they were in Jannie's room the general set the lamp on the table lifted Jannie up and put her into her bed. He then covered her carefully and quickly and then sat down in a chair by her side took from his pocket a writing book and pencil and waited until she was a little quieter and no longer shook so terribly. He put his hand on hers and said:

"Here we are. Everythings all right again. now suppose you be honest me with me and tell me where you were trying to go or how you happened to be down there"

"I was not trying to go anywhere of course" Jannie assured him. "And I cannot tell how I got down there either I felt

down there all of a sudden." "Oh I see Are you sure you felt someone carrying you or was you having a sort of dream that made you see and hear things as plain as if you were really awake." "No I do not dream hardly at all. Some brought me down but cross my heart I do not know who it was." "Where were you before you was brought here?" "I was with general Marley where you can see such beutiful sights and hear the fur trees rustling in the wind out of doors. And way up there the stars are gleaming so brightly up in the sky. I often would leave the hut run out of doors and oh its so beutiful there. But now I'm here far away from Marley's camp."

Jannie began to twist about and to swallow down the lump that somehow would rise

in her throat  
"uh-huh. and did you ever suspect or feel that some person would come from the Christian line, and try and take you away from here?"

"Oh no. But there's one thing I have promised someone not to tell." "I hat so? And did any of the overseers never inflict any pain on you anywhere? On your hands or on your body or in your back?"

"Oh my no. But I always feel something pressing here all the time sort as if it was something heavy on me."

"I see sort of as if someone had forced you to eat something that is not good for you and which you wish you could get rid of again."

"no indeed not at all like that But it feels so heavy up if you had to cry hard."

"Oh so that is the way you feel? And why do you not go and cry as hard as you like?"

I do not dare to even cry softly in private will encourage me if I do so?" "Then you hold it back like this don't you?" "Yes sir."

"That's good. But don't you ever cry softly to yourself when no one hears you?"

"Yes when its quiet and all are asleep"

"Do you like to live and work here in Mr St Cures plantation?"

"Oh no" was the low answer

"Idm and where were you living with general manley?"

Always on the mountain plantation on the slopes of I mphoria heights"

"I see. But theres no general by that name up there is there. And is it not pretty dreary up there?"

"Oh no indeed you can't think how nice it is there."

Jannie could not go on. She thought of the mountain plantation the excitement she had so often passed

through the weeping she had been holding back so long - these finally got the letter of her and the tears began to flow from her eyes in a perfect stream. Then she suddenly broke into loud and violent sobbing.

The general rose from his chair. He laid James' head gently down on its pillow and said: "There now you may go ahead and cry all you want. There won't be any body to hear you now. Then go back to sleep. To morrow I'll see to it that everything will turn out all right for you."

Then the general stole softly from the room. When he was down again in the room where they had kept Lu atch he settled into an arm chair across from his waiting friend and explained things to him.

Mr St Claire listened with the most eager attention.

"First of all" he said, "your special little child

slave for some reason or other, or closely shadowed by some body and in suspicious its one or the entire seven Virginian Girls. At first I thought the child walked in her sleep. Without anyone knowing it they have opened the lower doors of your house every night and gave ghostly manifestations and scared your servants and the other little slaves within an inch of their lives.

Next the child is believe pinning away with home-rickness and is losing flesh untill she is almost a skeleton. And if you're not careful she will be stolen and taken to the national lines. To prevent this something must be done in a hurry. There is only one way to avert this and to cure the bad state of her nerves - send the slave back to the pure air of her mountain home from which Deldon has taken her no matter who her former master was.

There is only one way  
to prevent the Vixian girls  
from running off with  
her and that is to do the  
very same thing. So you  
have my advice and orders  
the child slave is to  
be sent back to me  
now.

"Mr St Claire jumped indignantly from his chair. He walked  
up and down the road in  
the greatest anger and exultation. Finally he burst broke  
out:

"Nonsense! He blasted Vixian  
girls after her? Trying to carry  
her away? Why general? I'll  
bet she was walking in  
her sleep. She is either sick  
or out of her mind. Singing  
to be back to her old mas-  
ter, whom she thinks is  
general Manley and who  
is somebody within man-  
ley's lines whom nobody  
knows. Spies coming to steal  
her away and all this on  
my plantation without  
anybody noticing it or  
suspecting it in the  
least. The slave was  
brought to my plantat-  
ation by God oh because  
her former master  
is suspected to be

a disguised Christian spy of  
some kind impersating gen-  
manley. Do you think just  
because the Vixian girls have  
been here that I'm going  
to send her back to that un-  
honest spy so that she be  
brought to the Christian  
lines and set free?

"I'd rather see the little gal  
put wretched and as thin  
as a rail. I'd kill her first  
no general that is too much  
to expect. As her former  
owner is a disguised Christ-  
ian general spy I can't do  
it and never shall. You  
thank the child in hand  
as your own slave, work  
her do what ever you want  
with her but keep her out  
of reach of Christian spies  
and the like. But I'll never  
send her home to her former  
master no matter how  
badly she wants to go. In  
this situation I need your  
help."

"Mr St Claire" the general  
answered earnestly "just  
remember what you are  
doing. This situation is  
not one that you can  
trifle with. Those Vixian  
girls are very crafty  
and can can do things

that break all records for recklessness and bravery, they are successfull at every thing they try. We fear them and all their girl followers more than the best of the Christian gen. Therefore if you send her to Manley himself she probably will be safe. But even suppose she does not want to go you don't want to send her off too late to prevent the Christians from getting hold of her do you. Or perhaps never prevent her from being free at all?"

Mr St Claire stood still terrified.

"Well if that's what you think general then there is only one thing to do. And we must get right down to work."

With these words Mr St Claire put his arm in that of the general and walked up and down with him while they talked the matter over.

Then the general started back for his command because their talk had lasted a good while.

And the bright morning light streamed in through the front door which this time was opened by Mr St Claire himself.

Mr St Claire climbed the stairs in much excitement and went straight toward Mr Gringores bedroom. He stood for a moment before the door of the apartment meditating on some plan he had in mind. It was whether he should keep the child at any risks or send her away as the general suggested. He stood still fully two minutes before he made up his mind.

Jannie is taken back  
to her former master.

February.

January 6th 1927. Steady till 9:30.

Then his knock on the door of this apartment was so unusually loud that this high ducky duck of overseers started out of his sleep with a cry of excitement first fearing it was someone trying to break in he pulled his pistol from under his pillow and shouted:

Get away from that door you Christian dogs or I'll shoot through it!

But he heard Mr St Clares voice outside saying:

To Mr St Claire:

"Oh I beg your pardon sir" ans wered the overseer "What is it you want sir?" "Please come to the library as fast as you can we have to get everything ready at once for a journey"

Mr Gringore took a long glance at his alarm clock. It was ten minutes to five in the morning. He had never in all his life got up so early (though the slaves arose three o'clock) he wondered what

on earth had happened yet he was so eager and so curious that while he was dressing he did every thing wrong and could hardly put on his clothes. And he kept hunting around the room for clothes that he had already put on.

In the meantime Mr St Claire went quickly down the hall and rang each one of the bells that was used for calling any one of the overseers and other servants. And in each one of these rooms that had a bell an excited form sprang out of bed and started to put on his clothes inside out, because one and all they immediately thought the strange little phantoms had somehow got hold of Mr St Claire and this was his summons for help.

So one by one they came stealing down each man if possible looking worse than the one before him. And they drew up in good surprise before the master of the plantation for Mr St Claire was walking up and down the room.

February 9 1927.

looking excited and angry and not in the least as if he had been scared by a number of ghosts John was at once sent to bring the riding horses so they might be ready when wanted.

James was ordered to waken Jannie right away and to have one of the girl slaves dress her for a journey.

Grimore was told to send for Mr James Eldon and to bring him back with him.

Meanwhile Mr Grimore had finally finished dressing himself his clothes were on inside out and his hat was on wrong side before so that from a distance it looked as if his face was on upside down.

Mr Grimore realized that his unusual appearance was due to the fact that he had been called so early and he therefore went straight to the business before them Ide explained to the surprised head overseer that he was to see that the slave child received her breakfast the first thing Ide also

told the overseer to dress Jannie as a traveling slave. But every thing must be done as quickly as possible and without waiting to decide one way or the other.

For fully five minutes Mr Grimore stood as if he had been frozen to the floor and stared at Mr St Clare in the greatest amazement. Indeed he had fully expected that he was going to tell him some frightfully thrilling story about the ghosts of some dead child slaves he had met the night before and now that it was broad daylight he would have been glad to listen instead of which he was now giving these every day orders.

Indeed Mr Grimore was not quick enough to hid his disappointment. Without a word he kept standing there waiting for what he would say next.

But Mr St Clare had no time or intention of clearing up matters Ide let the overseer stand where he was and went to the room where the servants and the cook were sleeping just as

he suspected the unusual stir had awokened them and they were listening to all the sounds about them in some apprehension and wondering exceedingly what was going on.

Mr St Claire quieted them by telling them the whole history of the strange ghost affair. He said that it was discovered that some professional young Christian spies had something to do with it all just to get away with Jannie, and unless something was done about it she might some night be carried away to the Christian liner.

As this would be a very serious thing he must prevent it at all costs whatever. So he had made up his mind to send Jannie back to the plantation from where she came because he was afraid to take such chances. And they must not feel bad about losing Jannie for they could see that it was the only thing left to be done.

The servants were very

much surprised at this news and at first wanted to find some way of keeping Jannie with them but all their arguments were in vain.

Mr St Claire was terribly firm in his decision and said it was better to send her back than let the Vivian Girls carry her away.

So the servants gave in cheerfully to what could not be helped, but told

Mr St Claire that no matter where you send her the Vivian Girls are liable to get her just the same.

It was then that Mr James Eldon arrived and stood in the reception room with unusually great ex-

pectations for he believed that it must have been something quite out of the usual rush to have Mr St Claire call him to his plantation at such a strange hour.

Mr St Claire went out to see him and told him how things stood with Jannie and what the Vivian Girls had been up to. He then asked him if he would desire to take the child back to

her former master at once  
that very day Mr Deldon  
looked very much disappoint-  
ed indeed he had expected  
anything but that. And he  
still had a very clear mem-  
ory of the parting words  
that her former owner had  
hurled after him as he  
departed with the child:

"Come into my sight ag-  
ain and I'll show you if  
I'm a Christian dog or not  
you child stealer".

And to bring him the child  
slave he had not wanted  
them to take her away  
again and then to fetch her  
back - no that did not  
seem to be exactly a good  
stroke of business for him  
at all.

So without thinking the  
matter over at any length  
he declared rather curtly  
that it was not his bus-  
iness to always transfer  
the same slave back  
and forth two or three  
times without the permit  
from proper authorities and  
that also it would be im-  
possible for him to take  
such a trip that day as  
he was called back on  
secret child slave bus-

ness at Virian Wickley here  
for it was up to Mr St Claire to  
hire some one else to take  
her back."

Mr St Claire saw through  
these excuses and sent Mr  
Deldon away without bother-  
ing about him further. He  
then sent for Mr Gringoire  
and informed him that he  
must get ready to make  
the trip right away. He would  
travel with the child that  
day as far as General Am-  
broise Fullers camp they  
then would reach her for-  
mer owner the next day.  
Then he could start back  
at once.

He would not need to offer  
any explanations whatever,  
for a letter to Gannys former  
master would make every-  
thing clear to him.

"But now Gringoire" Mr  
St Claire said in conclusion,  
"there is one thing I want  
you to do especially  
and you just see that you  
do not forget it. I selected  
a certain Barnacks in  
Fullers camp the number  
of which I've marked  
down on this card for you.  
When they see the card  
they will show you a

fine small room for the child  
(as to your own self) tell  
you what to do. Go first into  
Jammie's room and nail every  
window so tightly shut that  
they cannot be opened ex-  
cept by the greatest force. And  
after the child is once in bed  
then go and lock her door  
on the outside.

Then the officer in charge  
of the barracks will bring  
into the hall two big vicious  
dogs which will be turned  
loose there. Two well armed  
guards will also stand  
by the door for the young-  
ster is shadowed by the  
daring Vivian Girl spies  
and they will chance any  
danger to bring a child slave  
to the Christian lines. Are  
you sure you understand my  
plans?"

"Aha! So that's what it was?  
That's the way of it? Grim-  
gore gasped in the great  
surprise. I on now  
at this moment he had  
seen a great light about  
the ghost business.

Yes that is exactly what  
happened. And you are  
a fraidy-cat and you can  
tell James from me that  
he is another just like

you in fact you are a silly  
crowd of people to be working  
for me."

With these words Mr. St. Claire  
went to his room and sat down  
to write a letter her owner. As  
for Grimgore he felt terribly  
But out and he stood in the  
middle of the room repeat-  
ing continually to himself

"If I only had not allowed  
that cow and James jerk me  
back into the room where  
we both had been watching.  
If I had only gone after them  
Vivian Girls myself. And  
I let I would have captured  
them too."

The head overseer quite  
convinced himself of his  
own bravery. For I may say  
that at this very moment  
the clear sunshine was  
brightly lighting up every  
corner of the unusually dim  
apartment.

Jammie in the meanwhile  
had never a thought of what  
was going to happen and  
stood waiting in the clothes  
that child slaves are compell-  
ed to wear when going on  
a sort of journey. In James  
the overseer it all had  
merely and most roughly  
shaken her out of her

sleep, then despite her being in her nightgown he chased her to her suit telling her to get dressed in a hurry and never to delay a minute. He very seldom talked with Jannie for he thought her very uncivilized and beneath his notice with the letter in his hand Mr St Claire walked into the dining room where breakfast was awaiting him and called impatiently -

"Where is that confounded slave? What is delaying her?"

Jannie was sent for when she was brought up to the owner of the plantation he almost looked sternly into her face and asked -

"Well slarry do you know where you are going now?"

Jannie gazed up at him in great astonishment.

"I suppose you do not even know anything about the business now."

Mr St Claire said with a grin. "Well you are going back to Manleys plantation from where you came and almost right away. The Virgin Girls want to steal you

from me and therefore I'm sending you back."

"Back to General Manleys?" Jannie repeated after him dully and grew as white as snow for a moment. She could scarcely breathe her heart was beating so violently at the statement.

"Would you like to hear what it is all about?" Mr St Claire asked still grinning.

"Oh yes indeed I should" Jannie finally managed to gasp and her cheeks had got dark red.

"Well then you shall hear as much as can be related the master of the house said somewhat curtly.

He seated himself however and after looking at her for a full minute

he motioned to Jannie to do likewise. "But first you may eat for once a hearty brekky the ants

breakfast with me

and then off with you"

yet Jannie could not swallow a mouthful as hard as she tried although she obediently tried to force herself

to do it. Indeed she was so wrought up that she did not know whether she was awake or dreaming. Grumgoe must remember to take along with him plenty of provisions." Mr St Clare called to his house keeper. "The little slave cannot eat now nor would one expect her to."

Then he turned to Jannie and said in his customary manner.

"Why don't you run outside to see your friend Mildred and wait there until the escort arrives?"

Jannie just wished for that and she ran outside to the plantation where Mildred sat with the rest working. In the middle of the Isle was an enormous mound of weeds.

"Oh Jannie come here" Mildred called to her. "Come and see what I have hidden for you."

"Don't you like it?" She took from beneath the pile of weeds a long glittering dagger and

looking around cautiously said:

"Look here Jannie and hold it in a disguised way so that none of the others would see it. I am sure I looked at it closely and as Mildred explained the use of it Jannie had to jump around for joy because the dagger was to be concealed about her to be used in case she wanted to make an attempt to break for freedom."

So happy were the two girls that they both quite forgot that the moment of their parting was so close at hand and when the call did come "The party is waiting" there was no time left to be sad in. Jannie flew to her hut.

Her pretty little bible must be lying there still. No one could have taken it for it lay hidden under her bed of straw because Jannie could not bear to be separated from it day or night.

She found the hole

book and laid it in her lunch baskets on top of some rolls) then she looked around that to see if there was anything else she wanted. And there sure enough lay her old red dress Mr Gringore had not thought a worthy thing for her to put on.

Jannie put it on as quickly as she could, then she set her hat on her head and left the room of the hut.

She and Mildred had to bid each other good by very quickly for Mr St Claire was impatiently waiting to take Jannie down to the waiting escort who were about equally impatient.

Mr Barnes stood at the gate to place her on a horse in front of one of the escorts. He caught sight of her red dress and drew her away from the horse.

"No Jannie" he said reprovingly "you cannot leave this plantation looking like that you do not need to wear an outer dress like that

any way come take it off right away."

After this reproof or reproof Jannie started to obey "Oh no no. Mr St Claire said in a very decided tone of voice "We aint got no time to botten about the red dress now James and Jannie on this horse with you."

Jannie picked up her basket and then she was again placed on the horse and her eyes shone with thankfulness and joy. When the soldier had leaped on behind her Mr St Claire to her surprise took her hand in his and told her very nicely she must not forget him and the other slaves and to avoid the plantation under his brother by all means. Ida gave her his best wishes for a pleasant journey and in her turn Jannie thanked him with her whole heart for the kindness he had shown her. Ida final message was "And I leave a thousand greetings for gen. Bickell"

and many, many thanks." For she had not forgotten that he had told her the night before "To-morrow everything will be all right." now it had come to be true and Janie thought he had done it for her.

Then the rest of the cavalcade came up led by Mr Grumgore.

Mr St Claire again called to her:

"Peggsant journey" and the whole squadron rode away.

Soon afterward Janie was riding past general Federal's camp and as many of the infantry soldiers looked at her closely she held the basket firmly in her hand, for she was determined not to let it out of her hands for a single minute because her little bible were in it. She had to guard it carefully and take a look at it from time to time just for fun.

For quite a while Janie remained as still as a mouse as she rode along with the rest.

She was beginning to think and understand that she really was on her way back to general "manley" whose plantation was on the mountain slope and where again she would see Adele & Job.

Idiappy scenes from the past then came to her mind one after the other, and she dreamed of all the things she was again going to see and wondered how everything would look. New thoughts suddenly possessed her and all at once she grew a little afraid.

"Mr Grumgore did the Union girls really try to carry me off as the master said?" she asked.

"Yes" "And were they really discovered after all?"

"Oh no" he said consolingly hoping in his heart that they did escape. "We'll hope they didn't. They may still be around all right."

Then Janie was again buried in her thoughts. But every once in a while she would take a

peak into the basket  
for her dearest wish in life  
had now come to be in  
possession of her little  
lible. After a few minutes  
she asked again:

"Mr Gringore don't you  
suppose that we can  
be certain sure that those  
Virginia Girls are still  
looking for me?"

"Why of course we can"  
her companion answered.

"They might be trailing  
us pure enough. Don't  
see why they shouldn't  
be do you?"

After awhile however  
Jannie closed her eyes.  
Because of the restless  
night and her early  
rising she was so dead  
with sleep that she  
did not wake up un-  
till Mr Gringore gaze  
her arm. A good shak-  
ing and aroused her  
with -

"Wake up quickly I am-  
mie. The Squadron  
has stopped. Get off  
the horse right away.  
We've come to General  
Ambrose Fullers army  
camp where we stop  
for the night!"

They were shown to the parti-  
cular barracks directed by Mr  
St Claires card and then Grin-  
gore followed Mr Claires  
instructions about the  
windows and doors of the  
room while a soldier brought  
in the dogs.

During the night some  
things did happen which  
I cannot mention here  
but she was not taken  
away.

Next morning their long  
journey on horseback  
continued for many hours.  
In the child's grasp again  
was the basket which she  
would on no condition  
let any of the Glande-  
linians take care of. But  
to day she did not speak  
a single word because  
each new hour that  
came made her eager-  
ness greater. She could  
hardly wait and then  
suddenly just when she  
least expected it one  
of the Squadron cried  
loudly -

"Idalt we are before  
Emporia ridge." Jannie almost stood  
up in the stirrups and  
so did Gringore who

was as surprised as she was. In a moment they all dismounted except the soldiers who rode on. Gringore cast a longing look after the departing caravan for he much preferred traveling so easily and safely to starting out on a foot tour which would end in a stiff bit of mountain climbing.

Besides he feared that the climb would be hard and dangerous in this part of the country where everything seemed to strive to be still in a half wild condition so he looked around for someone who would show himself the safest way to the mountain plantation.

Not far from where they had halted a large army wagon was standing on its feet with a stout team of horses attached to it. A tall broad shouldered man was occupied in loading it with army provisions. Gringore hailed him and asked him and asked which was the safest way to Manley's plantation.

"All the roads are safest hereabouts" was the short answer.

But Mr. Gringore kept on asking him the safest and shortest and best roads to take so as not to fall off the cliffs and how one could have a child slave sent up to a particular mountain plantation. The man looked at the child and sized her up. Then he said if the child was not unruly he himself could take her on the wagon as he was bound for that plantation.

And then Jannie could be sent from the Big Girl K'm on Road and up to the mountain farm with someone later in the evening.

"I can go by myself I know the way from the road up to the mountain plantation" Jannie said at this point for she had been listening eagerly while the two men bargained.

"No you cannot go alone" was the answer "you'll be mistaken for a runaway slave and shot."

February 13 1927.

A heavy load was taken from Mr Gringoore's heart when he succeeded in escaping from the hardships of clambering up the slopes of Imbouia Ridge. He beckoned to Annie secretly to come to one side with him, and he handed her a thick flat flat bundle and a letter for her former master.

The large flat bundle, he explained was a gift from Mr St Claire. He told her to hide it in the bottom of the basket away down under the lunch she still had. And she must watch it very closely and to take good care to see it was not lost or Mr St Claire would be fearfully angry and would make her suffer for it her whole life long for he was a terrible man when any one got on the wrong side of him.

He said that he hoped little Annie would do well to remember this and not forget.

"Oh I won't lose it" Annie said. And she placed the flat package and the letter in the lower part of the basket. Annie was lifted up to the high seat

beside the driver. He crossed and shook hands with her said good bye and once more urged her with all sorts of signs to keep her eyes on the contents of her basket. For the driver was close by them, and Mr Gringoore was by no means easily in his mind because he knew that he himself should have gone with Annie to the end of her journey.

At last the driver surmounted himself upon the seat next to Annie and the wagon rolled off toward the mountains while Mr Gringoore sat down by a little tree to wait for another escort happy to have escaped the dreaded climb.

The man on the wagon was one of the teamsters in the pharison wagon train of Manleys army who was driving some supplies to the plantation.

He had never seen Annie before but like every one else in general Manleys army he knew about the child slave that had been brought back to the strangers plantation.

What is more he was suspicious of Annies

former master and of course she guessed at once that she was the particular child slave the whole Glendaleian army spoke about so much. Yet he could not help wondering why it was that the child was coming back so soon and while they were driving along he began to question Jannie-

"I suppose you must be the child slave who lived and worked on up at the plantation owned by the disguised Christian dog, the man who looks like gen' Manley to you"

"Yes sir." "Did they treat you so mean at Sainte Claires that the Glendaleian officers sent you back here before you expect ed you to go? And all that distance."

"No, I got along perfectly fine none of the other slaves were treated any better than I was at St. Clares."

"Why are you coming right back to this plantation for hen?"

"Just because Mr. St. Claire said I should, or I would not have gone away at all."

"Bah, why didn't you want to stay down there anyway even if they did let you go?"

"Mr. St. Claire sent me because he says the Virgin Girls are after me. And because I'd a thousand times rather go back to Manley up on the mountain plantation than do anything else in the world."

"I guess you'll think differently when you're once up there again the Lear- ister said with a grunt. "And Manley does not own no plantation." And he said to himself. "But I wonder if she knows how bad that slave owner is."

Then he began to whistle a tune and had nothing more to say. Jannie gazed all about her and she was so excited that she fairly shook all over. She began to recognize the trees by the roadside and up above I crossed the forested Alcove Mountain. Jannie looked at it and waved to it joyously, and at every step the horse took Jannie's excitement grew more intense and she almost thought she would have to jump down from the wagon and run with might and main until she reached the very top of Alcove Hill.

But she sat still and did not move although her brain whirled on and on until she was dizzy. The clock struck six in the morning just as they drove into the main camp. In no time at all a troop of soldiers

crowed around the wagon and a couple of officers from some bigger tents came out to join the swarm of soldiers. For the sight of a child slave on the teamster's wagon had attracted the attention of all the soldiers and everyone was suspicious and wanted to know where she had come from where she was going, and to whom she belonged.

Brandly had the Lemister lifted Janmie to the ground when she said to him hastily —

"And she would have surely would have run away. But she was held in on every side by the crowded of soldiers. At first there was a loud chorus of voices all talking at once and each asking a different question. At that she was being cross examined. Janmie however did answer them but tried to force her way through the fierce looking armed throng with such a look of fear and anxiety on her face that they

started to open ranks for her to pass. They were all she knew by the color and shape of their hats and of the appearance of their uniforms the dangerous kind of gland amniacs called Durmer amniacs.

One of the officers said: "you see how scared of us she is don't you, you? Well she certainly has good reason to be".

Then they started to tell each other excitedly how during the past weeks the man who owned the plantation above had been getting worse and more suspicious than ever. Ide he would no longer speak to any of the soldiers or exchange a word with any one and if any of the soldiers happened to stop him and question him he glared at them as if he wanted to kill the whole Glandelinian army at one blow.

And if the foolish little slave only had the sense that she was born with she would not be running up there to the

old demons home. But at last the teamster managed to get in a few words of his own. He said he knew more about it than all of the soldiers put together and then with a great air of secrecy he told how an overseer had brought the child as far as Manleys main camp.

There he had said good bye to the little girl in the friendliest sort of way. Then besides he knew for sure that the child had been shadowed by the Vivian Girls in St Clares plantation and therefore the owner to prevent her from being stolen had sent her back to her former owner.

The teamsters news caused much amazement and his story was spread like lightning through the Glendaleian camp and that evening there was not a company street in all the Glendaleian army where they did not gossip about "the child slave" who was shadowed by the famous little girl spy and

for which reason the owner was compelled to send back to the strange plantation owner up on the mountain slope.

Gannie was accompanied part of the way by a few soldiers as an escort but when she saw her chance she sneaked away and ran up from the Glendaleian army camp and up the mountain slope as fast as she could with them shouting after her to stop.

She stopped however a moment every now and then to regain her breath.

The basket on her arm was fairly heavy for her to carry and besides the higher she went the steeper grew the trail. There was room for a single thought in Gannie's mind:

"Will General Manley be doing the same things as he used to?"

"Did he forget her while she was gone so long?" Gannie looked behind her she was surrounded a large party

of Glandelinian soldiers were coming up the slope and she had an idea they thought she was running away. What should she do? She knew if they caught her they'd kill her. Sure I ammie looked up as she did so she caught sight of a small house up in a hollow by a mountain meadow and as a single thought flashed into her mind her heart began to pound like a trip-hop hammer. She again looked behind her. The soldiers were nearer and shouting furiously.

She started again to run up. She ran still faster and as shots ran out in a fusillade her heart began to beat more loudly. Yet she was determined to reach the cottage. She now ran with all her might.

At last she was there. She looked back once more. They were still nearer and her two guards were in the lead. She could scarcely open the

door she was trembling so with fright but finally she managed to lift the latch. Seeing the Glandelinians come running up the slope she sprang into the middle of a large room and stood there frightened out of her wits and all out of breath and unable to utter a sound.

At her sudden entrance a number of Glandelinian officers who had been sitting around a table sprang abruptly to their feet and simultaneously drew their pistols. When they stared in blank astonishment at her

"Heavens above" they cried "So that the wily a child slave sum up to us who in the name of Jupiter are you kid and what do you want here?"

"I'm I ammie I was sent back to the plantation above" she answered "Is really me the Glandelinians below are chasing me. They think I runned away and in her fright

she rushed over to an officer standing in the corner and plumped down on her knees beside him. She seized his hand pressed it lightly but was speechless she was so (happy) terrified and excited at first they glanded him not themselves were so surprised that they also could find nothing to say but the one in the corner bid her rise and said:

"Yes yes we'll stop them I know you're I ambie by your hair and by your voice and you may thank Grelo that you have really ran here Idere they come"

There was a loud knock on the door a soldier opened it and in came a number of zimmers mannans at the sight of which I ambie screamed and two great tears fell from her eyes

"What do you want fellows?" demanded the chief officer

"That slave tried to run away" said the men in a chorus "Idow do you know

if it is really true. Can you prove it?"

"Yes" said the man who had been one of ten agents. She suddenly broke away and ran up the mountain

"Is it really true I ambie?" demanded the officer "Yes sir. But I did not run away I was in a hurry to get to the plantation up above St Claire sent me up there"

"Are you sure?" "Yes sir I have come back to my old master at last" "I bet your giving us an old story" "No sir Oh please believe me sir If you think I'm fooling you may come with me all of you" I ambie said gently but earnestly

The officer consulted a map of Campina ridge while the passengers scolded finely as they waited impatiently for his decision He drew his finger over certain parts of the map until he stopped at a certain spot 16° was a full minute looking at it and then said:

I believe you are telling the truth, for this map proves it. But dont you cry for I'm here to confirm things and you'll be sent up here to stay but you must stay here and never leave again. And you wont need to fear these Zimmerman men - mians, for when when they realize their mistake they wont do you no harm. And you wont need to eat hard bread and drink cold water for many a day either for the punishment you may have had if caught. But see Jannie you made a big mistake in breaking away from your escorts. That is what brought all this unnecessary excitement. But I'll see that you are brought to your former master.

But my dear sir why not let her go up with us said one of the soldiers. For as long as she means what she says we wont harm her.

All right said the officer. But see that she reaches her destination for she is a valuable slave to our cause." Then he looked at Jannie closely and said:

"Just a moment I am. I'll up what you did at St Clares. Was he as severe a master as many say? And why was you forced to leave?"

Then it that Jannie told how things went there how fearfully Mr St Clare had been afraid that she might be stolen away by the Virgin girls if he kept her there. Then he could not have

prevented her from being taken away to the Christian lined

Another officer came in while they were talking together. He stopped and stared as if he could not trust his eyesight. Then he cried:

"Ad I like its the slavie Jannie. But how can it be possible that she is here. How can that be?"

Jannie looked around and was surprised for it was then enemy Eldon. He himself could not get over his surprise at Jannie's appearance in this officers headquarter. He walked around the child once or twice and said:

"Officers if you could only imagine the reason she was sent back here you would hardly believe it. The Virgin Girls want her awful bad. Mr St Clare

told me they were at his place often trying to get away with her. And if you could only see what lovely did give they wore, and

fine looking crop they  
appeared to be no one  
could hardly recognize  
them and the little hats  
trimmed with feathers  
which they wore. "I  
you like to go with  
them to the Christian  
line in Germany here"  
"no I don't want to" said  
Jannie firmly "I don't  
know them but they  
can change me if  
they are brave enough  
to take me, I don't  
like they'll strike me  
a blow But I have a  
place I like better."  
Then Jannie unwrapped  
her small red bundle and  
took out her small Bible  
which had become slightly  
rolled up during her  
journey from St. Clares  
than it was before. But  
that did not bother Jannie  
one bit and she had  
not forgotten how when  
Deldon was taking her  
away from her former  
master he had shouted  
after her that he did  
not ever want to see  
her come back on any  
other way than she  
was brought to him.

and knowing he was a Christ  
ian spy in dis guise and  
not general Manley at all  
she had saved her Bible so  
carefully because she was  
always dreaming of the  
time when she would be  
brought back to him.  
The officer saw her produce  
the Bible and told her not  
to be so foolish as it was  
dangerous for her to carry  
a Bible around among  
fierce German sold-  
iers. And if she did not  
want the Bible then she  
could sell it to one of  
the Christian prisoners.  
She could get a lot of  
money for it.  
But Jannie stuck stub-  
bornly to her decision.  
When the soldiers were  
not looking she put the  
little Bible gaily inside  
her inner blouse pocket  
where it was out of  
sight. She had to slip it  
in quickly and then she  
wound the red necker-  
chief around her throat.  
She then went over to  
the waiting soldiers  
and said.  
"now I must run home  
to my former master

but you may come along  
with me. Good night sirs"  
to the officers.

"Yes you must allow us  
to accompany you by all  
means" said one of the  
soldiers "Others may make  
the same mistake you  
know we made and shoot  
you"

"But why did you break  
away from us if you did  
not intend to run away?"  
said the guide.

"Because I was in a hurry  
to reach him."

"You could have kept with  
us two steps and we  
would not have needed  
to occasion you such  
a fright. But I'm often  
up you must be careful  
for many say that he  
is always in a very  
bad temper may even  
something and won't  
say a word to anyone  
at all."

I amie paid good night  
to the officers and  
followed the soldiers  
out into the now  
night dark moon and  
started up the moun-  
tain slope carrying  
her basket on her

arm. The stars glistened  
in all parts of the sky and  
the bright moon shone all  
about on the forested slope  
and at this moment the  
dark outline of trout slender  
came into view and could  
be seen from afar.

Every other step or so the  
soldiers who were watching  
I amie had to stand still  
and look over their shoul-  
ders for there was a strange  
sudden light behind the  
high mountains, and which  
they had noticed as they  
struggled on up the trail.

They continued on up  
silently for some time.  
suddenly a very bright  
red glow shone against  
the trees right in front  
of them.

They all turned around  
and oh they had never  
known that a fire could  
be so big. They had  
never seen anything  
like this even in all  
other campaigns.

The horned cliffs of  
a rocky hill rock reflected  
perfectly in a pool  
and a distant hill  
just opposite flamed up

to the sky, the broad sun  
set on a higher mountain  
further away was all  
a light and from amid the  
flames black and pink  
clouds were rolling slow-  
ly upward and break-  
ing out over the distant  
sky. All the trees before  
them reflected the  
glow, the light twinkled,  
and shone and reflected  
from the more distant  
chaps, and below them  
the valley swam in a  
sea of crimson red.

Garnie stood in the  
midst of this splendor  
of light and strange  
fear seized her.

She stood still with  
them and gazed up at  
the leaping flames and  
prayed inwardly to God.  
that he would bring her  
safely home.

She begged him to  
not let the fire come  
their way. And then an-  
nie found herself so  
comforted that she could  
hardly find the right  
words with which to  
thank her God yet Jan  
nie could not tear  
herself away from the

spot until the soldiers  
called to her to come. But then  
she ran after them and caught  
up with them and then  
they went along so fast  
that it was not long before  
she saw ahead of her the  
top of the fir forest  
above the roof.

A few minutes later she  
saw the roof itself and then  
the building and finally  
a portion of the plantation  
and the figure of her former  
master as he stood by  
the open doorway beside a  
magnificent horse. He  
was smoking a pipe.  
It was evident from the  
position he was standing  
that he was evidently watch-  
ing the fire with some  
apprehension.

And the glow of the  
distant fire revealed  
the top of the forest  
of the old pines rocking  
and rustling in the  
gale then blowing when  
Garnie saw all the  
foots without the soldiers  
hundering her and they  
well realized she told them  
the truth.

And before the unsusp-  
pecting man could see

see what was coming the  
child flew straight up to him  
threw down her basket and  
to the surprise of the Glan-  
dian soldiers clasped her  
arms lightly about him.

She was so excited at  
seeing him again that she  
she kept saying over and  
over and over

"General Manley! General  
Manley! General Manley."  
Seeing the soldiers who  
had accompanied her and  
fearing suspicion he did  
not say a word. But his  
eyes became wet  
tears for the first time  
in many years and  
he had to brush his hand  
across them then he  
released Jamies arms  
from around his neck  
set the child upon her  
feet and studied her  
very closely for a mom-  
ent.

"So you have come back  
to me again" he said  
after a pause in which  
he took another look  
at the soldiers. "But  
how does that happen?  
The soldiers look mad  
at you about some  
thing and you don't look

as you've been badly treated  
at St Clares and did they send  
you or did you run away?"  
"Oh now General" Jamies  
assured him eagerly "you  
must not think that  
they were all so good  
to me St Clare was  
grimisque and all the  
soldiers. But you see  
some persons known  
as the Vietnamese Girls were  
after me for something  
and they caused so much  
excitement that Mr  
St Clare couldnt stand  
it any longer and there  
for send me back  
to you to prevent them  
from stealing me." I  
knew something about  
it, the overseers said,  
and that I would not  
tell. But I did not hide  
anything for that would  
have been naughty. But  
I do not even know them.  
They must be women.  
And then one morning  
all of a sudden Mr St  
Clare sent for me very  
early but I do really  
believe General Bicknell  
made him do it - but  
I suppose that is all  
written down in the letter.

Jannie picked up the little basket took her letter and square package from it and handed him both of them. "I believe this belongs to you" he said, and laid the package down in the basket when he took the letter and read it through. Without a word he suddenly placed it in his pocket, and suddenly cried out angrily:

"It's time for you soldiers to depart for your camp. Attention! Right about face. Forward march!"

The soldiers obeyed and marched down the hill. Then he turned to the child.

"Do you think you could still drink a little milk with me Jannie?" he then asked taking the child's hand to go into the house with her. "But bring the package along." Herons carried many children in and it belongs to you. You can live in your self a whole life with that and living enough to last you quite a number of

years. It'll come in handy for anything."

"I do not see why I need the money for anything while I'm a slave and will not be allowed to use it generally" Jannie said. And besides I have a good bed already, and therefore I surely won't need any more even and ever."

"Take it just the same and put it in your clothes closet for the time will come when you will surely need it for a good purpose yet."

Jannie obeyed him and hopped along after him into the building after taking another look at him. Though she was overjoyed to see everything again she was apprehensive about the fire. Inside she forgot about it and ran into the corners, she ran up the steps - wind the other floor. But uncoupled alone she stopped suddenly and called down to him:

"Oh gentle man unless I've lost my beautiful bed!"

I will place it back again  
soon" he called to her from  
below. "We had no idea you  
were coming back your  
milk is waiting for you  
now."

Jannie climbed down  
and sat in her old place  
on the high chair & then  
seized her bowl and drank  
the milk so eagerly that  
the refuser would think  
she had never had any  
thing so delicious in all  
her life. When she finally  
set down her bowl with  
a deep breath, she said  
happily:

"Nothing in the world is  
half as good as our milk  
generally." At that moment,  
there came the sound  
of a shrill whistle from  
the outside. Jannie shot  
out the door like a flash  
of lightning. But to her  
surprise as well as  
to many there came  
a whole train of Glandelinian  
boy scouts mingled with girls  
skipping dancing and  
jumping down from  
above and Adele De  
Fob in the midst of

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them when he saw Jannie  
the blood stock still as if he  
had suddenly taken root  
in the ground and stared  
at her in silence. Jannie ken-  
owing that the Glandelinian  
soldiers were very wicked  
did not like the idea that  
Adele De Fob joined the  
Glandelinian boy scouts  
just to escape child slavery  
but nevertheless she was  
not mad at him.

"Good evening De Fob" Jan-  
nie called and fairly  
rushed up toward him. "Oh  
De Fob do you still re-  
member me?"

The boy and girl scouts  
even if they did not see  
her heard her voice for  
at Adele De Fob's command  
"halt" they stopped and  
stood at attention. Jannie  
thinking all of "manley"  
slaves had become scouts  
called them all by name  
one after the other but  
instead of answering  
her they giggled.

The impatient lieutenant  
in charge of the scouts  
sprang up to Adele De  
Fob and begged him  
not to waste time with  
and uncivilized child slaves

and another officer reached her without delay and ordered her to get back into the house. And even a haughty bobbed haired girl scout with an unexpected gesture of her hand made a wicked sign at Jannie who in great surprise at such treatment could only step back in disappointment and get into the light reflected by the distant fire to show who she was.

Jannie was almost beside herself with joy however to see Adele De Job again, as she realized his followers were total strangers to her Adele De Job had not moved from where he stood.

"Come down here De Job and wish me good evening" Jannie now called again.

The others began to murmur more vehemently and threaten but Adele De Job called sternly "Attention! no talking in the ranks" Then turning to Jannie "So you've come back again" he exclaimed in much surprise.

And then he motioned her to come forward which she did and he took Jannie's hand which she had been holding out to him this long time and he asked as he always did when they were returning to the plantation in the evening -

"Are you going to be with me to-morrow?"

"No not now as your companions do not want me."

"Too fine to have you back again" De Job said and he smiled happily.

Then he shouted to his scouts "Company March!"

But never before had he had such trouble with them. First it was all he could do coaxing and threatening to draw them away for no sooner had Jannie started off the

whole company wheeled and ran after Jannie throwing sticks and stones. Jannie had to run into a shed and close the door before Adele De Job could manage to get his furiously excited child

scouts headed down the slope. When the child came back into the cottage she found her bed already made up. It was high and sweet smelling for the hay had been freshly brought in and her owner had spread the clean linen sheets over it very carefully.

Jannie felt real pleasure as she lay down on it and she had the best nights sleep that she ever had for a whole year. During the night her friendly master got up ten times to climb into the loft and to listen carefully to Jannie's breathing so he might

she was sure he was having a good night's rest. He examined the window where the moon used to shine in on Annie's bed. To see if it was closed because from now on he intended to keep the moonlight out so it will not awaken the child with its brightness.

Annie slept on without being awakened and she no longer feared of being carried off in her sleep. And her great longing for the mountain plantation had been stilled. She had again seen all the mountains and cliffs and saw another big fire she had once more listened to the deep roaring of the forest and was at home on the mountain plantation.